PICTURE

Drawn to the Life:

OR, A

True Character

OF A

HIGH-FLYER.

Of Uſe to all thoſe who admire Originals.

A *HIGH-FLYER* is a Monſter with an *Engliſh* Face, a *French* Heart, and an *Iriſh* Conſcience: A Creature of a large Forehead, prodigious Mouth, ſupple Hams, and no Brains: For Noiſe and Debauchery, Oaths and Beggary, are the Four Elements that compoſe him: His Arms are thoſe of *Iſſachar*, an Aſs couchant: of which the Two Supporters are *Paſſive-Obedience* and *Non-Reſiſtance*. He ſeems to be deſcended from *Eſau*: for he would fain truck away

an invaluable Birth-right for a *French* Kickſhaw: He has ſo great a Kindneſs for Popery and Slavery, that whenever they ſhall make a Match he'll be ſure to put in for a Brideman: But though ſome would fetch his Deſcent from *Eſau*, yet others not without reaſon run his Pedigree a great deal higher, and take him to be a *Noaddite*, or one of the Race of *Cain*, that would fain be perſecuting his Brother, meerly becauſe he is more Righteous than himſelf.

With reſpect to the State, a *High-Flyer* is a Caterpillar that devours every green thing in a flouriſhing Kingdom, and would ſtab Liberty and Property to the Heart, that He and his Fellow-Bruits like Beaſts of Prey might live wholly upon Spoil and Rapine: They are fit only to be Subjects to *Nebuchadnezzar* when (bereav'd of Human Senſe) he herded with the Wild Beaſts of the Deſart. Tho' they boaſt themſelves *Engliſhmen*, yet they act in all things as *Antipodes* to their Native Country, and ſeem rather the Spawn of

of ſome *French Bougre*. They are a ſort of Wild Boars that would root up the Conſtitution, and break the Ballance of our happy Government by rendring that Deſpotick which is eſtabliſh'd and bounded by Law. They are ſo certain that Monarchy is *Jure Divino* that they look upon all People living under *Ariſtocracies* or *Democracies* to be in a State of Damnation. A right *High-Flyer* is as fond of Slavery as others are of Liberty, and will be at as much Charge and Pains to obtain it: For though he envies the Happineſs of Canvas Breeches and Wooden Shoes, yet he extremely admires the Mercy of the *Inquiſition*. He rails at *Magna Charta* as the great *Seed plot* of *Sedition*, and ſwears it was firſt obtain'd by *Rebellion*, and that all our Fore-Fathers were Fools and Rogues, and did not underſtand *Prerogative*. He wonders why People ſhould ſquander away their Time at the Inns of Court, or what need there is either of the Common Law or the Statute Book, ſince Sovereign Princes may at any time,

with quicker Diſpatch, declare their Pleaſure in any Point or Controverſy; tho' tontrary to Law or Reaſon; and eachLoyal Subject he believes is bound to acquieſce in it Actively or Paſſively on pain of Damnation. Yet after all, his boaſted Loyalty extends no farther than a drunken health, which he drinks thrice to the young Gentleman's at St. *Germans*, for once that he drinks to the Queen's. He roars and ſwaggers, and pretends to more Loyalty then other People, and damn's the Revolution, and ſays the Church is in danger, and Rails at the preſent Miniſtry. Hepromiſes Mountains, by Lies, Miſrepreſentations and falſe News but performs nothing, nor is it the Cauſe, but the Cruſt that he *barks* for. He *magnifies* the *leaſt Succeſſes* of the *French* King's, but runs down the moſt ſignal *Victories* of the *Confederates*.

With relation to the Church, a *High-Flyer* is either a *Crab-Proteſtant*, that crawls backwards as faſt as he can to *Rome*; or at beſt but the *Cat's Foot*, wherewith the *Romiſh Monkeys* claw

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the *Proteſtant*'s with till the Blood comes: One that does their Drudgery though he has not always the Wit to ſee it; and all the Wages he muſt expect is *Polyphemus*'s Courteſies, to be devour'd laſt. He is a Granado kindled by the *Jeſuites*, and flung in to make a Combuſtion amongſt us: He pretends high for the Church of *England*, but as he underſtands not her Doctrine, ſo he diſhonours her by his lewd Converſation. What a pretty pious Confeſſion of Faith it is to hear a bullying *High-Flyer* cry, G---*d Damn-me, I am for the Church of* England, *and all the* Diſſenters *are Sons of Whores!* Indeed, the only Proof both of his Religion and Courage is, that he ſwears moſt frequently by that tremendous Name at which the Devils tremble. His Chriſtianity conſiſts in curſing all thoſe that he is pleas'd to call *Diſſenters*; and he calls all ſuch, that are not content to be either *High Flyers* or *Atheiſts*. His Tongue is always tipt with *Damn-me* and *Forty One*; and ſo hot, being ſet on Fire of Hell, that

G---d... God he

he drinks Healths ſometimes to the Pope, ſometimes to *Perkin*, and ſometimes to the *French* King ſix times in an Hour, to quench it, and then belches out *Huzza*'s as faſt as Mount *Strombulo* does Fire and Brimſtone.

He mortally hates *Occaſional Conformity*, though himſelf can occaſionally be preſent at Maſs ; and whilſt he clamours at *Diſſenters* for not coming to Church, he thinks 'tis Canonical enough to ſleep over the *Lord's Day*, to digeſt the Fumes of *Saturday*'s Debauch ; or take a Walk in St. *Paul*'s, peep in at the Preacher, and preſently retire to the Tavern for a Whet to Dinner. If he happen to be of a more ſerious Temper, he is as ſuperſtitious a Bigot as any in the *Romiſh* Church, and had rather have no Preaching than that the Surplice ſhou'd be left off, and thinks his Child not Chriſten'd if it be not done with the Sign of the Croſs : He counts *Opus Operatum* ſufficient ; and if he have been but at Common Prayer, and made his *Reſponſes* loud enough

enough to drown the Clerk, and had the Parſon's Bleſſing, his Task is done, and he is ſafe. It is a greater Abomination to him to eat Fleſh on a *Friday*, than to defile his Neighbour's Bed; and he abhors more not to bow at the Word *Jeſus*, than to ſwear by the Name of GOD. He rails at the *Obſervator* and the *Review*, and calls them Enemies to the Government, becauſe they diſcover the Knavery of thoſe that abuſe it. If you talk ſoberly to him of Religion, he ſlaps you over the Face with *Hereſy*, *Schiſm* and *Faction*, and calls you *Confounded Whig*, and ſo you are confuted. Urge never ſo modeſtly of Legal and Fundamental Rights, and mentionany Irregularities, and the Place appointed to remedy 'em, he preſently cries out, *Rebellion*, *Treaſon*, *you depoſe the Queen*, *you arraign the Government*: And yet himſelf makes nothing of arraigning the higheſt Court of Judicature in the Kingdom, that of the moſt Honourable Houſe of Peers; and will rail at the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, particularly thoſe who op-

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pos'd the Doctor's *Factious ſeditious Principles* : A *High Flyer* is always diſpleaſed at a good Miniſtry; and dreads (like the *Inquiſition*) a Miniſtry made up of *Revolution Men* : A *High Flyer* is for Voting for Men of the *Tacking Perſuaſion*: and is for chuſing ſuch *Repreſentatives* as are for ſetting aſide the *Toleration* and *Succeſſion*. A *High Flyer* is a *Maggot* and a *Moth* in his Neighbourhood: and when he happens to be a *Churchwarden*, his *Diſſenting* Neighbour ſhall have all the Friendſhip and Kindneſs from him peculiar to the Spirit of Perſecution. A *High Flyer* is for having *pickt Furies* revived, and then he has ſome Hopes of ſetting up the *Old Trade* of Swearing People out of their Lives again. A *High Flyer* is one of a Braſs Forehead, a Leaden Conſcience, and an empty Skull.

FINIS.

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